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July, 1919



SONNETS AND OTHER
POEMS





SONNETS

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

F. E. SCARBOROUGH

AUTHOR OF "THOUGHTS, ESSAYS,
AND LYRICS"



LONDON

G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.

1919

CHISWICK PRESS: CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

PR
6037
S284A17

FOREWORD

IN this volume is incorporated the handful of sonnets and lyrics included in "Thoughts, Essays, and Lyrics," published by G. Bell and Sons, 1917.

F. E. S.



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SONNETS

VITALITY

THE splendour that impels man to his doom
In this strait world of precept and restraint,
That irks the freeborn nature with its feint
Of freedom and its certainty of gloom
And dull security. Oh, to find room
To breathe, and fling away the fatal taint
Of prudence and convention!—to be saint
And savage too!—to gather all the bloom
And fragrance of this fair earth for our own—
Our own to crush and savour as we will!
Exulting the swift elemental fire
Leaps to devour our weak intent and fill
Our hearts with glory, bidding us aspire
To triumphs that the world has never known.

NIGHTFALL

WHAT spirit broods upon the distant hills
When twilight falls, the earth is growing
dark,
And clouds hang o'er their tops where they stand
stark

Against the steely sky? What is it fills
The mind with wonder, and a need that thrills
So keenly that its promise, like a spark,
Lights up the realm of the soul, and bids it mark
Undreamed of vistas, dreadful joys, and mortal
ills

Grown rapturous? Terror wears a blissful look,
Beckoning to anguished heights of stern Delight
Where Grandeur lurks within the core of Pain.

Majestic Woe walks hand in hand with Might
On those grim peaks, whose pinnacles to gain
I'd welcome dangers that the world forsook.

CONTRAST

THERE runs a little, winding, upland lane
Along a hillside, guarded by twin rows
Of flowering hedges, where the wild-rose blows,
And honeysuckle blossoms after rain;
And all around, a noble mountain chain
Uprises—peaks whose rugged sides expose
The naked rock, and falling sheer disclose
No pathway for the climber from the plain.
Yet cosy lane with frowning height doth tone,
For simple things do harmonize with grand,
The lowly ever match with the sublime.
So in the mind simplicity alone
Doth mate with greatness. These together stand
Impregnable to all assaults of time.

UNTRODDEN WAYS

MANY a lyric wonder has been mine,
A quick delight in all things God has
made—

In mighty skies and seas, and forest glade,
And lonely moorland, where the heath and pine
Keep company.—Before His vast design,

Again and yet again, my soul has stayed
Enchanted, and my spirit unafraid

Has walked with Nature where she did incline.
Oh God! I pray Thee, still let me behold

Fresh glories in this earth Thou showest me,
New truths, and marvels greater than those past;

That I may leap the boundaries of the old,
And win new heights of faith and destiny,
Merging in Thy infinity at last.

LAKE LONELY

'MID towering hills, whose ruggéd sides repel
The casual wanderer, lies my lonely lake,
Steeped in deep silence, save when breezes shake
The tall, dark pines that cover all the fell
Down to the water's edge. Some curious spell
Broods o'er the scene, that nought hath power
to break,
Born of the age-long stillness. Tempests wake—
To sleep again; and, wherefore none can tell,
The slumbering lake doth speak to one of death.
How like the unplumbed waters of the soul
We rarely visit, busied on the plains
With things material!—Remote the goal;
Small time to spare from counting up our gains;
We leave our souls to sleep and save our breath.

REAL GREATNESS

I MET a cottage woman in the lane,
Who greeted me with proud and simple grace.
Her manner held a dignity in place
With royalty, and honour without stain
Breathed in her fearless glance. And then again
I mixed with those of wealth and noble race,
Whose presence banished all my sense of space,
And left a sense of meanness, that in vain
They sought to hide with smiles and false repose.
Is not pretence of worth a mockery?
Does it not rouse contempt for lordly scene
And social function, in the minds of those
Who cherish greatness?—In true majesty
The peasant girl is oftentimes the queen.

“THERE SHALL BE NO MORE PAIN”

CAN that be so, and is it our desire?—
There is a height where joy and pain are
one—

Merged in an exquisite throe of life begun
And ended, self cast on a funeral pyre
Of sacrifice that flameth with a fire
Of passionate love and bliss. Our eyes oft run
With tears of joy for blessings hardly won.
Shall these be wiped away? Do we aspire
To reach a plane where we can cease to feel,
Where all the splendid pangs of love are past?—
Nay! Beauty, may I still retain the power
Of feeling Thee, whatever else at last
I lose! May I adore Thy Perfect Flower
In ecstasy that death can never steal!

THE PLACARD

FEBRUARY 1915

“**V**ALERIAN in Action. British Ship
Sinks German Cruiser.”—Breathlessly
my gaze

Clings to those words that sting me like a whip,
Burning to rapture and a wild amaze.

Is it his chance at last? My dear! My dear!

Only an armed liner! Who would have thought
You'd get your chance when chances are so rare!

I knew how great your need, how fierce you
fought

The agony that men should dare believe

You loved your life too well; you hid it deep.
And now, if you have fallen, shall I grieve?

Can I, when you'll be smiling in your sleep
To think at last your honour should be free? . . .

Give me a paper, quick!—and let me see!

SEWARDE

HE hath the freshness of dew-sprinkled dawn
When the first sunbeams wake the sleep-
ing flowers;

He hath the fragrance of rose-scented bowers
When breezes haunt them on a summer's morn.

Strong and royally fearless was he born,
With energy to test life's opening powers

In tireless action, through the flying hours
Filled with enchantment from young senses
drawn.

And oh, the darling sweetness of that face,
Alight with joyous mischief!—the soft cheek,
The baby hands that ever active steal

About the loved one's neck in close embrace!
Who the pure balm of innocence doth seek,
Let him before this tender childhood kneel.

BEYOND

THAT half-remembered garden of delight
Whose dearest joy lay ever just beyond,
Over that near hill-top, where tree and frond
Patterned the aether with a lattice bright,
Thou wert the rapture of my childhood's sight,
And taught me many things that Nature's wand
Conjured from the eternal.—Ah! how fond
To deem *possession* aught but just the blight
That kills the flower of promise! All that lasts
Lies ever veiled, elusive, fleeing touch.
Fair hints—God's kisses on the soul—transcend
Material bliss; yet still the sensual casts
Its spell on man, who forfeits heaven to clutch
The hollow treasures that the world can lend.

THE WOOD OF DEATH

BENEATH a stormy, sunset-coloured cloud
The Wood of Death sweeps solemn to the
sky.

Here do the sweet wild creatures come to die,
Where ferns and grasses make their secret
shroud

Far from the haunts of men, and noisy crowd
Of worldlings; where the winds of heaven sigh
In mystic cadence as they wander by,

A symphony not heeded by the proud.
The quiet, protective shade of many trees
Broods deep o'er Nature's children; holy ground
Gives she for burial, for she loves her own;

May I, when death comes, far from sight or
sound

Of human eye or ear, lie there alone,
With these for comrades and the vagrant breeze.

IMMORTALITY

STEEPED in immortal visions, I aspire
Not to achieve a heaven that is nought
But this small world idealized and fraught
With like self-consciousness. My soul's desire
Is to plunge into the universal fire
Of Love; to feel God; be immersed in thought
With Him; absorbed in the All-Mind that wrought
Creation and the universe entire.
Self-will has been the root of all man's pain;
Escape from self shall be his final bliss.—
To reach and cling to that veiled Ecstasy
Revealed in nature, and unveil it!—kiss
Its radiance and unite with it!—be free
For ever on its bosom to remain!

MISUNDERSTANDING

THIS is the punishment I bear, my friend,
The thought that any heedless act of mine,
E'en for one moment, should have hurt thy fine
And fearless soul, that with my soul doth blend
In such accord as rarely God doth send.
Believe, it was by error not design;
But 'tis such faults that oft do cause decline
In friendship's harmony, bringing a sad end.
Oh, let it not be so with thee and me!
Large minds do overlook small blemishes,
And cling to virtues known, though not perceived
Always, amid the dust of wearing days.
So let us hold our sympathy achieved,
A gift to sweeten all the years to be.

MY MEADOW

GIRT round with lonely fields, and hedges
white

With tangled sprays of rose-buds, all unknown
My meadow lies, its ditches overgrown

With nettles, and its undulations bright
With myriad, swaying grasses, catching light

From the sun's rays. Oft I gather here, alone,
The wondrous wild flowers prodigally sown

To bloom and wither far from human sight.
Oh what a wealth of loveliness revealed

Repays the wanderer for his weary miles!
So in the mind of man its treasures lie

Beyond wide fields of thought, and over stiles
Of self-effacement, joys that never die

Feeding his spirit from their source unsealed.

THE HILLS

O H let me linger where the great hills rise,
 Wrapped in their magic air of mystery,
While cloudlets kiss their faces lovingly;
 Where gaunt and sombre mountains cleave the
 skies,
Screening who knows what beauties from our eyes
 In their deep valleys. What delight to see,
And pierce those shy recesses where green tree
 And bubbling stream do hold communion wise,
And flower and fern in luscious tangle grow.
 The solemn grandeur of the mountain peaks
Reveals to us the majesty of God,
 As smiling vale his tenderness doth show.
The man who open-minded these hath trod
 Hath found that Peace that every mortal seeks.

CHANGE

(ON LEAVING LLEWENI HALL, AUGUST 31ST, 1915)

I LEAVE the meadows and the hills behind—
The wooded valley's mystic, sheltering calm
That soothes the fretted spirit like a balm—
And seek the life-work I may never find.
Farewell to farmstead, and to all the kind,
Sweet sympathy that held me with its charm!
I go to where the ocean chants a psalm
Of action and of daring to the mind;
To where the tide of life rolls gloriously,
Breaking in anguish on a stony shore;
To where the soul may rise to heights sublime,
And reign above the storms of destiny!
Thus driving onward, still I strive to climb
Nearer those dreams that beckon ever more.

ENERGY

RETURN to me, thou swift and subtle fire!
That ebbeth fast, and leaveth me all cold
And nerveless, with my vision half untold.

Sweep me upon the heights of my desire,
That I may clutch those thoughts that still retire
As I approach to cage them. Thou of old
Didst ever spur my spirit, and uphold

Its high imaginings. These now expire
In vagueness, and abstraction holds my mind
Enchained in dreadful emptiness, while yet
The morning sunlight drenches the sweet earth.

Come, vital Energy, bid me forget
This present and most lamentable dearth,
And in thy strength fresh inspiration find!

WHAT IS CHARM?

CHARM is shy promise, mystery, surmise;
The haunting smile upon a thoughtful face
Veiling a look of pain; the shadowy trace
Of suffering bravely borne, which yet may rise
Triumphant o'er the soul which it denies;
The natural impulse of a childlike grace
That all unconscious steals itself a place
In hearts that else were closed; the sweet surprise
Of all spontaneous action; in a word,
Suggestion:—but of what, he only knows
Who learns to trace the Universal Soul
In all things, for from that all beauty flows,
All worth, all charm! which freely is conferred
On him who seeketh union with the Whole.

TENDERNESS

O H sweetness of the pearly, evening sky,
Bluehills against the skyline sleeping!—Now
A quiet tenderness doth o'er the brow
Of the horizon brood; that seemeth nigh
Eternity, and with its rare and high
Tranquillity doth teach the weary how
To rest in peace, and 'fore the Eternal bow.
That purity bids all men's passions fly;
The calm of nature soothes like a caress;
Ah! all the air breathes Love, that as an embrace
Of Deity, doth strengthen and revive,
Filling the soul with rapture; yet men place
Their faith in physics, seeking but to strive
For fortune, whom this Grandeur waits to bless!

THE PATH

THE narrow, winding path among the ferns
Of some old forest glade I oft-times tread,
Where all is mystery, and noise has fled
To far-off places; where the spirit yearns
For sweet, forgotten truths, and peace returns
To the uplifted mind.—Or, instinct-led,
I wander lonely moors, explore the dread,
Bold crags of mountains where the sunlight
burns.
So draw me to Thee by a private way,
My God, which only Thou and I shall know!
And try me high, where faith alone can find
A path across the icy waste of snow,
And peaks of self-abasement. In the blind,
Fierce struggle still Thy strength shall be my
stay.

THE DESERTED BEACH

THE haunt of sunbeams, and of birds whose
swift

Wings score the air with light and sudden, set
Sparks in the misty distance, o'er the wet

Sandbanks and azure of the sea—whose lift
Mantles an ancient wreck, with yards adrift,

And skirts of seaweed, one mast standing yet
To point a hapless finger of regret.

Behind, the sandhills that the breezes sift,
And then wide sweeps of sand, an open space
Stretching broad arms to meet the lonely sea,
Whose surf breaks ever in a wordless song.

Here do the spirits of eternity
Find in the winds and waves a trysting-place,
And whisper secrets as they stray along.

THE SKELETON

WERE it but brought into the light of day,
No more would secrecy thy freedom bind,
Nor fear lurk in the background of thy mind
That men should see what thou wouldst hide
away.

Scandal a frank acknowledgment doth slay.

Concealment ever maketh men unkind
To scent disgrace in that which lies behind,
And scorn the fool who careth what they say.
Why should we seek to cover faults, and aim
To seem what we are not? 'Tis all in vain.

None can achieve perfection on this earth,
And honest error fasteneth no stain
On him who, single-minded, strives for worth.
Courage to be himself doth vanquish shame.

LONGING

O H for the friend I left so carelessly,
Glad-eyed and merry on a summer's morn!
Now to her memory my thoughts are drawn
As to a magic that should set me free.
Daily I wander by the cruel sea,
Stung by an anguish that can scarce be borne;
Lonely and desolate, my heart is torn
With longing that she might come back to me;
That I might hold her in a close embrace,
Might fondle her, and kiss her cheeks and hair!—
Foolish to think I had no need of aught
Save nature's loveliness to banish care;
Now I'd give all this beauty that I sought
For but one glimpse of that beloved face!

FOXGLOVES

THEY are the fairies' faithful sentinels;
Keeping mute watch for such as me and you,
In mystic ways of forest, where they grew
For ages—tall and straight—their purple bells
Lit up with filtering sunlight from bright wells
Without. They greet the little peeps of blue
The tossing branches of the trees let through
When breezes wander through the leafy dells.
They spread a sheet of colour in the glades,
And cover all the rocky, moorland heights
With regal robes. Their leaves a virtue hold
Whose vital power the doctor's healing aids
When fighting death through anxious days and
nights.
Could any plant a greater worth unfold?

THE SEA AT EVENING

RINGED by a cloudy bank of sombre grey
The ocean stretches, vast, remote and sad.
But few hours since 'twas sunbeam-kissed and
glad,

Tossing a frolic head in airy play;
Now all the sparkling revels of the day
Are things forgot, and e'en the thoughtless lad,
Gazing at that stern face, might rue the mad,
Fond pranks of youth, and sobered take his way.
Like to the face of death it seems—asleep—
And dreaming hidden things we fain would
know,

Immortal truths, whose far-off vision thrills
The soul with rapture, which doth deeper glow
As we absorb that majesty that fills
The wide and solemn spaces of the deep.

THE ABSOLUTE

HARK, this is that which ever is implied,
Though rarely mentioned; cannot be explained,
But can be felt when we are not enchained
By worldliness; that always doth abide
Our ultimate contentment, though denied.
Unconsciously we seek it, unrestrained
By ignorance and virtue unattained—
We had not lived at all had we not tried!
It gives to all things their significance;
Is behind all meaning and all mystery,
And their solution; source and final bourne
Of man's great soul and that soul's ecstasy;
The depth from which his sustenance is drawn;
His high and most sublime inheritance.

PASSION

LIKE to the surges of the unchained deep
Roll the fierce floods of feeling, icily
Drenching the soul with pain, and heavily
Plunging the body's senses into sleep.
Swept beyond the blessed power to weep,
Engulfed in more than mortal agony,
The spirit yearneth only to be free,
Drowned in a deep oblivion that might keep
The soul a stranger to its own despair,
Numbed in forgetfulness. Ah, bitter woe
That life should hold such anguish for the strong,
Such dreadful payment for its pleasures rare!
The thoughtless little reck how keen a throe
May go to making of a poet's song.

WORK

TO many, nothing but a Juggernaut
Grinding men's souls beneath its cruel
wheels;

To me, a longed-for good, a hope that steals
Like sunrise through the darkness of my thought,
Beckoning me to rise from where I sought,
And seek it yet again; the balm that heals
The sore of self; the outlet that unseals

The soul's pent forces, bringing wrong to nought!
Alas! I sink in dreams for lack of it;

I drift among the wreckage on life's shore
Unused, my treasure all unspent! And now
Shall I not aid in England's need before
I pass into the night? Will God permit
The waste of any creature He endow?

THE TRIUMPH OF NATURE

THE savage in me laugheth loud and long
At the attempts of proper folk to pose
As able to evolve a power that grows
Restrained in limits void of worldly wrong,
As if convention ever could be strong,
Or seeming ape achievement if it chose!
Appearance is the shibboleth of those
Whose deafened ears are closed against the song
Of life and love, of nature and the soul,
Whose eyes are blind to aught but fleshly need.
Sophistication spellleth impotence.
The natural man alone attains his goal,
And taps that power of growth that turns the seed
Of thoughts to deeds, of toil to recompense.

TRIBUTE

I THANK thee for that influence, my friend,
That ever will remain, when thou depart,
A thing of beauty treasured in the heart,
Which may not be discarded to the end!
A memory of kindness that doth lend
Enchantment to a friendship's happy start,
Of sympathy and insight that no art
Could better in the sweetness of its blend.
To some on earth a harmony doth cling—
The rare aroma of a spirit fine—
That radiates its blessing all around,
And raises, as it touches, everything.
Of such art thou!—be thy example mine
When thy dear voice no more for me shall
sound!

THE VEIL

AND doth the curtained future hide indeed
A knowledge it were benefit to gain,
Concealing what might spur men to attain?—

Nay! for in mine own soul I know the seed
Of things to come lies hid, and every need
Is met beforehand. Can he suffer pain
Who feels the might of God within?—how vain

To probe time's mysteries, and seek to read
Those shuttered secrets of a future hour
That aid the seeker not at all, nor make
His happiness more sure! Believe, nought brings
True progress but that yearning which doth wake
The soul from sleep, and bid it use its wings
To win to Peace and everlasting Power.

SUGGESTION

LIKE lightning doth it strike man's consciousness,

Yet so intense the flash its glow remains
To warm and brighten, till the soul attains

An exaltation powerful to bless
And comfort, freeing it from stress

And carnal blindness. Man, uplifted, gains
An insight and perception that constrains

Assurance calm and deep, and limitless
Repose. This mystical enlivenment

No reason can explain or analyse.
A spark struck off from vital energy,

Triumphant o'er the boundaries it defies,
Lights up the vistas of infinity

For one brief instant of enlightenment.

EXPECTANCY

O VER the edge of the known, ever more
To the unknown I wend, snatching, glad-
eyed,
At the skirts of Adventure, till she decide
To humour me and grant me of her store.
I pass enchanted through the open door
Of dreams, and see the world untried,
A place to dare—and curious beside,
With ever further wonders to explore;
A place to play in, and its toys old fears
And foolish notions, dusty creeds and books;
A place to triumph in, with faith for shield,
And conquest easy as the running brooks
To gallantry that never thinks to yield,
Advancing all undaunted down the years.



OTHER POEMS



THE ROAD OF AGES PAST

I TROD the road of ages past,
In the twilight—in the twilight,
And trees thereby deep shadows cast
Of a dim night—of a dim night
Long years ago when men did ride
On some wild quest of joy and pride,
Unfettered as the countryside
That defied them—that defied them.

Along the road the horsemen swept,
'Mid the groaning—'mid the groaning
Of mighty winds that vigil kept,
Ever moaning—ever moaning
Through forests and grim mountains rent
By giants of old on mischief bent.
'Twas magic country where they went
On adventure—on adventure.

As they rode past their faces gleamed,
And I knew them—I knew them!—
They beckoned, and a splendour seemed
To pursue them—to pursue them!—

THE ROAD OF AGES PAST

Great heroes I had loved always,
Whose dreams had brightened all my days,
Revealing glories to my gaze
That amazed me—that amazed me.

I cried to them to take me too
To the trysting—to the trysting;
I also had great deeds to do!—
And insisting—and insisting—
They called to me to follow on
Along the way that they were gone,
And oh, a wondrous radiance shone
Full upon them—full upon them!

It faded and they vanished soon
In the darkness—in the darkness,
And I was left to grope alone
In the starless—in the starless,
Tempestuous night of human pain,
The vision of that noble train
Alone remaining in my brain
To sustain me—to sustain me.

DISTRACTION

FORGIVE me, Beauty! that I saw Thee not
While walking with a comrade by the way.
We talked indeed—of things I have forgot—
Mere idle chatter of a summer's day.

Thou wouldst have told me many secret things,
And taught me that high wisdom I desire;
Thou wouldst have made my blissful wanderings
A revelation of Thy inward fire.

Oh, tragedy of wasted ecstasy,
Of Nature's tryst ignored and thrust aside!
Were it not better aye alone to be
Than led astray from that which doth abide?

Forgive me, Beauty! that I saw Thee not,
While walking with a comrade by the way;
Thou wouldst have shewn me truths I had forgot,
Thou wouldst have made a heaven of my day!

MIRAGE

HOW long is it now since I left the home
track,

Can it be I have wandered too far to go back?—
So little a time, yet how long it doth seem
Since I followed my pleasure, and found it a dream!

Light-hearted I went, for my passion was strong,
And nothing I recked, though I knew it was wrong
To squander such treasure of life and of nerve
On a passing delight that no purpose could serve.

Now joy has retreated and left me alone,
With my life in a tangle, my heart like a stone,
My nerves too exhausted to suffer the strain
Of arising to take up the journey again.

And worse than all else is the anguish I feel,
The despairing remorse no acceptance can heal.
Will nothing the mind from this memory free,
And make life again what it once used to be? . . .

So little a time, yet how long it doth seem
Since I followed my pleasure, and found it a dream.
'Tis simple indeed to abandon the track,
But ah! how hard—how hard to get back!

ASPIRATION

I CAST at Nature loving looks,
I ponder deep, mysterious books,
Enkindle thought and life and love
At countless sources, where I move
Adown the earth.
O God, despite a faithless will,
Grant me to share my treasure still—
To spend that wisdom on mankind
A lonely, upward-seeking mind
Hath brought to birth!

I *gather* as the years go by,
O let me *give* before I die,
Nor stagger mute along the trail,
My song unsung, untold my tale,
Until the end.
Denied an outlet for the soul,
To drift, dream-clogged, upon no goal—
Wasting and wasted; life's best powers
Seeking in vain among the hours
Themselves to spend,

ASPIRATION

Were not a fate for me to face
Whose feet have trod the heavenly place. . . .
I rise to grasp the hand of God,
To bid Him use His chastening rod
And whip me on!—
To give—where there is no demand,
Obey—where there seems no command—
For love of Him!—to fall, to rise,
No matter what the enterprise,
Till death is won!

THE FOREST TREE

O H would I were a stately tree
In some old forest-land,
And I would then contented be
For ages there to stand.

My base would be among the ferns,
My top would pierce the sky.
I'd know that peace my spirit yearns
To feel before I die.

The sun would strike my leafy crown
So that it quivered bright,
And when in glory he went down
I'd greet the stars at night.

The rustling of my brother trees
Would make my slumber sound,
And call to mind the murmuring seas
And their refrain profound.

No clamour would disturb my calm,
No noise the silence break,
Only the breezes bringing balm
Would soft my branches shake,

THE FOREST TREE

And whisper there a haunting song
To charm my solitude,
Making me with their freshness strong
To face the winter rude.

Oh would I were a stately tree
In some old forest-land,
And I would then contented be
For ages there to stand.

My mortal sin and suffering
Would then for ever cease,
And earthly sorrow lose its sting
In immemorial peace.

THANKSGIVING

I THANK Thee, Lord, that Thou hast clothed
With mystery this living earth,
Else life had been a burden loathed,
Its pleasures toys of little worth.

I thank Thee that a hidden Joy
Resideth at the heart of things,
That no disaster can destroy,
Nor seal the source from which it springs;—

A Joy that flasheth unaware
From some high region of the soul,
And in that moment planteth there
A certain knowledge of its goal;

And in that moment slayeth death,
And maketh life Reality;
And in that moment shadoweth
The bliss of Immortality.

I thank Thee that this ecstasy
In danger ever doth uplift
And nerve men to sublimity,
For Grandeur goeth with the gift.

THANKSGIVING

'Tis Thee Thyself we apprehend,
Thy glory that we faintly see,
And in good time our souls shall blend
With Thine for all Eternity.

WISDOM

TO care for nought,
But smilingly
Thyself to be;
The world unsought,
Its pleasures spurned,
Simplicity
And harmony
The lessons learned.

To care for nought,
Through life to go
Without a throe;
The life of thought
Thy only goal,
To sweetly grow
As flowers blow,
And trust the Whole.

QUEST

A LONG a winding, country lane—
A lane that leads I know not where—
I wander like a child again,
And glean immortal treasure there.

Wild-flower and fern all dewy wet,
The hedge with tangled blossom fair,
A higher joy the way holds yet,
'Tis this—it leads I know not where.

O magic quest of the Unknown
That tempts mankind its paths to dare!
In this is ecstasy alone,
It leadeth me I know not where,

Save that it leads at last to Thee,
Thou Lord of earth and sky and air,
Who loveth while Thou chidest me,
For see—I find Thee everywhere!

MAKE GOOD!

TO all the peoples of the earth
This cry goes forth, this trumpet call,
This high command to prove their worth,
While armies fight and tyrants fall—
Make Good!

Whoever would to glory rise
And take his seat among the great,
Let him assist the enterprise,
And heed the warning voice of fate—
Make Good!

There is no room for coward heart
In this grim conflict for the Right.
The man who will not do his part
That summons sweeps him out of sight—
Make Good!

For valour rules the world to-day,
Sublime and deathless sacrifice;
And heroes, keeping wrong at bay,
And grudging not the last great price—
Make Good!

MAKE GOOD!

They leave mankind a legacy,
A grand uplifting of the soul,
That makes to strive an ecstasy,
In answer to the splendid call—
Make Good!

CLOUD WARRIORS

DRAKE! Drake!
Art thou awake?
See! In the clouds
Uncounted shrouds
Of those great dead
Whose spirits guard
The gallant, scarred,
Unconquered coasts
Of England! Dread,
Embattled hosts
Do unseen fight
For Her and Right
Against a foe
Who bringeth woe
And dreadful dearth
On all the earth.
Is Nelson there?
Doth Strafford dare?
Is Shakespeare's ghost
Among the host?
Yes! Yes! But over all
Doth echo the great seaman's call.

CLOUD WARRIORS

Drake! Drake!
Art thou awake?
The time is come
When words are dumb,
And deeds do speak!
When mighty acts
Do form the tracts
That nerve young souls
To nobly seek
Heroic goals.
Thy mind was great
To master fate
In matchless deeds.
Do thou the needs
Of England meet,
And bring defeat
On brutal wrong.
Oh, let thy strong,
Undaunted will
Inspire us still!
Break! Break! the evil power
That seeks to triumph in this hour!

TO SILENCE

COULD I but choose a comrade through the
the years,
Sweet Silence! I would pray, with tears,
Thy pure companionship might wrap me round,
Shielding me from the clanging din
Of action in a world of sin,
That so my tired mind from restless sound
To peace might win.

A silence not that strains the listening ear
With sense of emptiness and fear,
But comforts it with Nature's whisperings,
With sound of winds and lapping seas,
And songs of birds, and rustling trees
Confused in all delicious murmurings
That soothe and please.

SEA MUSIC

O WHO can sing the freshness of the mighty,
 rolling sea,
When the sky is grey and cloudy, and the water
 dashing free
Round the gunwale of the open boat that carries
 you and me.
Two's company, they say, but Nature makes a
 perfect three!

The spray of the salt ocean hurries stinging past
 one's face,
For the wind has got behind it and is keeping up
 the pace.
Know, Flying Foam and Rushing Gale, I too am
 of your race,
Co-partner in your freedom, and I *lean* to your
 embrace!

I glory and I triumph to be with you on the day
When you're rough and rude and hasty, and you're
 shouting in your play

SEA MUSIC

As you hurl your force and volume helter-skelter
up the bay,
Whirling all unhealthy vapours and depressions
far away.

O who can hymn the grandeur of the mighty,
rolling sea,
When the sky is grey and cloudy, and the water
dashing free
Round the gunwale of the open boat that carries
you and me.
Two's company, they say, but Nature makes a
perfect three!

RIPPLES

AN army of fairies danced over the lake,
They came when the breezes the water did
shake.

A myriad of wavelets their footsteps did toss
While in endless procession they tiptoed across.

They sparkled and shone in the setting sun's rays
As though the whole place were with diamonds
ablaze.

They leapt and they sprang, and they nodded and
bowed,
Sure never did man see so merry a crowd.

As this concourse of fairies passed over the lake
The fluttering breezes their garments did take.
They laughed and they beckoned, they glittered
and spun,
Then vanished away with the set of the sun.

HIS CHANCE

GLINT of the sunshine,
Scent of the brine,
Murmurous cadence of wavelets breaking on
 golden sand,
Blue, blue leagues of sea for ever lapping around
 the land,
Airy spaces of sky with white clouds sailing slowly
 by,
And of a sudden a cry! a summoning, warning
 cry!
"Swimmers wanted! come along,
All who are able and strong!
A man and woman are drowning at the far end of
 the bay!"
Did we realize what it meant?—at first it was hard
 to say.

Gleam of the sunlight
Dazzlingly bright!
Barely conscious of purpose instinctively Winslow
 ran,
Yet not so quick as to tire before the battle began.

HIS CHANCE

Already weary with swimming nothing he recked
of that,
But went fully clothed to the rescue, except for
the hat
That he cast down on the beach.
He wondered if he could reach
The woman out there in the sea, the man had gone
under.
Wading in to the waist he breasted the water's
thunder.

Salt of the wave tips
Stinging the lips!
Could it be really he who found an adventure at
last?
The chance he had always longed for and sought
in vain in the past?
Small time for reflection! He reached the unfor-
tunate pair,
Caught the man by the arm where he drifted un-
conscious there,
And tried to draw him to land.
Others there were close at hand;
Together they brought the man and girl safe in to
the place
Where the shallowing water allowed them a breath-
ing space.

HIS CHANCE

Those on the spot made

Ready to aid.

Quickly they formed a chain and dragged the two
up on the shore.

The girl fast recovered; the man was unconscious
before,

And responded no wit to the efforts of those who
with vain,

Frantic energy toiled to restore him his senses
again.

Vaguely young Winslow observed

Their excitement, and the unnerved

And horrified crowd that surrounded the man as
he lay,

For he never came round—and the light faded out
of the day.

Dripping and weary,

Up from the sea

Came our young swimmer who first had succoured
the drowning ones.

Calm and unmoved he went as one whom ex-
perience stuns.—

Creditable? Ah, no! he did what he hungered to
do,

And there is no merit in that! he was paid for it
too

HIS CHANCE

In confidence. So he thought,
Though many to praise him sought.
Well! he had had one chance and, please God,
 he'd have others yet,
Finer ones still—but now what he wanted was to
 forget.

OVER THE BRINK

WHAT is there over the top—
Over the top of the hill?
Where the soft clouds sail in a sea of air,
And it's blue—deep blue—with the mystery there,
And it's oh, so still
That life seems to stop
Over the top of the hill.

What is there over the edge—
Over the edge of the world?
Do we leap straight into eternity,
And sleep like the clouds in an infinite sea,
With our thought-sails furled
On a satisfied pledge—
Over the edge of the world?

When we take the leap of death
Over the brink of the grave,
We shall sink safe into the arms of God,
And forget ourselves and the earth that we trod,
And know nothing save
The thing that Love saith—
Over the brink of the grave.

LAMENT FOR THE DAY

MY beautiful Day
Passeth away!
Oh, whither away
Goeth my Day?—
Nought hath been wrought,
Nought hath been sought,
No battle fought!—
Only I thought!
And silently caught
The sigh of the Day
As she faded away.

DREAMS

THE cup of my vitality
How oft doth overflow,
And drain itself in phantasy
And dream and other woe.

My pity and my sorrow too,
I cast them light away,
And spill my pleasure and my rue
Adown a wasted day.

O God! wilt Thou the pitcher pour,
And use the heart Thou gave?
Then dreams shall yet be deeds before
I pass unto the grave!

THE IDEAL

I HEAR a sound of passing feet,
Is it she whom I would greet?
Where she goeth I must go,
Beauty doth intrigue me so.

Still I follow where she leads,
Be it on to gallant deeds?
Then I'll essay them laughingly,
Succeed or fail undauntedly,

My delight and my despair
Centred in that magic, rare,
That for ever doth depart
Before the strivings of the heart!

I hear a sound of passing feet,
Is it she whom I would greet?
Where she calleth I must go,
Beauty doth enchant me so

I

NATURE WEEPS

MY love hath dropped a veil of rain
About her beauteous face,
And now I would her features trace
I cannot see them plain.

Oh, mistress, wherefore dost thou weep
When I would have thee smile?
Wouldst thou thy loveliness defile
When thou hast tryst to keep?

I like thee not in this disguise,
Thou must thy tears restrain.
I will not wait on thee again
Till thou hast dried thine eyes.

II

NATURE SMILES

MY mistress wears her loveliest dress
To pleasure me to-day.
She hath repented her distress,
And wept it all away.

I see her radiant smiles break out,
And hear her laughter ring.
She doth not my affection flout,
But waiteth, welcoming,

With rosy lips so shyly sweet,
And eyes all starry blue.—
I hasten forth my love to greet
And tell her I am true.

I fly into her tender arms—
Her fragrance, how divine!
Oh, mistress, were there ever charms
So wonderful as thine!

MOODS

A SLEEP and not asleep!—pent in a mood,
Drowned in a deep abstraction, that, like
lead—

A leaden stillness—weighs on limbs and brain.

Asleep and not asleep!—caught in a dream,
Sunk in a maze of visions—thoughts that seem
More real than Life, holding my mind astrain.

Asleep and not asleep!—dead to the world,
Called to a lofty Duty, that hath hurled
The body senseless, summoning the Soul!

Asleep and not asleep!—cradled in Peace,
Lapped in a sea of Life, wherein I cease,
And God exists—His Love encircling all!

AFFINITY

THE racing wind, the dancing sea,
Exist alike to comfort me!
The rustling wheat, the swaying tree,
Each moves in hidden harmony
With that diviner, loftier Me
That knoweth why the winds are free,
That feeleth what it cannot see,
That yearneth evermore to be
Absorbed in its own mystery!—
Rememb'ring naught of me and thee
In that immortal ecstasy
That prophesies the Life to Be.

NATURE

SHE is my mother and my friend,
My mistress and my sweetheart too,
And all that I can give or lend
I'll give to her and never rue.

Her presence brings me purest joy,
Her absence such unerring pain
I cannot well my time employ
Until she cometh back again.

I love her laughter and her frown,
Her modesty and simple pride;
I love her more in any gown
Than all the haughty world beside.

She is my mother and my friend,
My mistress and my sweetheart too,
And I will serve her to the end,
And never once the service rue.

I ask no other company,
No other tonic for my soul;
To be with her in unity
Is perfect bliss and final goal.

WORLDLINESS

WHEREVER mortals are
There is ugliness and noise.
They are screaming from afar,
They are fighting for their toys,

They are scrambling to be first
In the battle for renown;
'Tis for pleasure that they thirst
And would thrust each other down.

A Higher Will ordains
They shall fail of their intent,
And that all their worldly gains
Shall not bring them what they meant.

Yet they struggle still and strive
In a clamorous unrest,
Till for them to be alive
Is to be for ever pressed

With a multitude of cares.—
Shall we join the foolish throng?
Or surrender them our shares
And retire where we belong?

DISCOVERY

I HAVE found a wild path leading up from the
shore
Whose secrets and beauties I yearn to explore,
Despite the keen wind that would thwart my desire
With his boisterous force and his blustering ire.

I know not the way up this toilsome ascent,
Nor the goal that I seek, yet I'm passing content,
For the path truly seems to lead up to the sky—
'Tis the kind I like best, though I never knew why.

The ferns and the grasses are all that I meet—
Mute comrades, I know, but so modest and sweet;
And the wind playing round them doth bring me
delight
Such as no human converse could ever excite.

To discover a way that one never hath been,
To alight on fresh marvels one never hath seen—
What higher enchantment could life have to give
And what simple joy better help one to live?

DISCOVERY

I have found a lone path leading up from the shore,
Whose secrets and beauties I mean to explore
Before the long hours of the day are outrun;
Then I'll lay me to rest till another's begun.

REGRET

IN my mind a picture grows,
Portrait of the friend I chose
Toiling lonely at her task
While I here in sunshine bask,
Left unaided in her care
When I might that burden share.
Why am I not there?

See! her head falls in her hands.
Hers the grief of many lands
For the children that are slain,
And deserted in her pain,
Life is more than she can bear.—
Ah! she weeps in her despair!—
Why am I not there?

SOUL YEARNING

O LORD, wilt Thou help me because I know
nothing?—

Lord, wilt thou raise me

So that I read the great riddle of life passing,

So that naught stays me

In my wild, ceaseless search for a higher love than
living

I can attain to, with all my surrender of giving?

Who can fathom the depth of that tenderness?—

Thoughts cannot reach it.

Who can measure the height of that sacrifice?—

No man can teach it.

Only the innermost core of the spirit can feel it

As the blind feel the light, when eyesight cannot
reveal it.

Unsatisfied yearning for spiritual vision

Ever remaineth

Saddening the strong soul, whose heightening
promise

Barely sustaineth

SOUL YEARNING

The horror of carnal blindness that holds it from
seeing
That light of Love that it knows is the goal of its
being.

Again I proclaim, there is in this existence
Only a feeling—
As the blind feel the light—that whispers the spirit
Of the Love stealing,
Shining around it and through it the while it gropes
praying
To the Lord of all life to guard and keep it from
straying

Into the darkness of death . . . Then, Lord—
loving—
May I obey it,
Allow not the voices of matter to stifle
Nor to gainsay it,
Undaunted follow that sense that is higher than
knowing—
The greatest gift of this life that Thou hast for
bestowing—

Until it shall lead me to Thee in Thy heaven,
In a surrender

SOUL YEARNING

More perfect and final than any my utmost
Efforts can tender
On this poor earth. The reward of my faithful
endeavour
Shall be to unite with Thy limitless Goodness for
ever.

THE POET

WHO would not a poet be?
Winging high
To the sky,
Spirit purely elevated,
Universal, consecrated,
Leaps the bounds of finity
Seeking for divinity.
Who would not a poet be?

Who would still a poet be?
Drooping low
Under woe,
Breaking heart in human sorrow,
Dreaming of no earthly morrow,
Bound to unrealities,
Crushed by trivialities,
Who would still a poet be?

NIGHT

THE great wind wanders lonely o'er the heath,
Seeking the soul that once with him communed,
Sweeping the stars, and calling where, beneath,
The dim trees murmur, to the stars attuned.

"Where is the spirit that enticeth me?
Come, thou belovéd, to my mighty arms!
Together will we race across the sea,
Raising great storms where brooded gentle calms.

"Wilt thou not kiss thy lover 'mid the spray
Of tumbling breakers on a moonlit beach,
Or hear him breathe, in some enchanted bay,
That love that to the firmament doth reach?"

The great wind wanders lonely o'er the heath,
Seeking the soul that spake with him at noon,
Sweeping the stars, and sinking where, beneath,
The dim trees whisper dirges to the moon.

QUESTION

DEAR, if you are lost to me,
Still it comforts me to think
You are somewhere on this earth—
And from some you do not shrink.

How I trust they treat you well,
Those new friends who take my place!
Are they staunch and true as I?
Are they worthy your embrace?

Do they sacrifice themselves
In the way I used to do?
For if not, why soon I fear
They will cease to interest you.

Oh my dear, perchance in life
We may meet again once more.
Say, will you regret the chance?
Will you treat me as before?

Will you welcome me with joy,
Or will you turn in scorn away?
If your answer is the last
May I never see the day!

QUESTION

If the last *could* happen then
May I never know the pain!
Yet—*oh love, I'd risk it all*
Could I see you once again!

ON A DAY

ON a day—
A sweet day—

We walked together, you and I,
To where a stately avenue
Stretches away towards the sky,
With cypresses of sombre hue
Uprising spire on spire, in grand
Unbroken ranks on either hand.

On that day—
That sweet day—
We fain would breast the steep incline,
But weariness the wish forbade.
Betwixt the trees the bright sunshine
Made dappled spots of light and shade;
Entranced we gazed, and longed in vain,
Then turned our steps for home again.

On that day—
That spring day—
You took my arm and said to me,
“The first fine morning we can spare
We’ll climb that hill, my dear, and see
The view to be obtained from there.”

ON A DAY

For to our thought the prospect shone
With all the charm of the unknown.

On a day—

A sad day—

We parted swiftly, you and I,

In misery and grief of mind.

The weeks had slipped so quickly by

We had not done as we designed—

And now our lives are sundered! . . . still

That purpose does my memory thrill.

On some day—

Some dear day—

Perchance we two again may meet!

And then, my dear, I'll fly to you,

And we shall each the other greet

As though no shadow ever grew

Between us, and our joy shall be

Unhindered by sad memory.

On that day—

That dream day—

We'll climb the hill of our desire

Beyond the cypresses of pain,

And all the air a wondrous fire

Of love shall hold, and we shall gain

A perfect and enduring bliss

To fill the days that follow this.

LAUS DEO

FOR shafts of light
That seek me in dull, dark rooms,
And kiss me into the sunshine,
Laus Deo!

For wild, free winds
That shake my soul with delight,
And sweep me on to achievement,
Laus Deo!

For careless waves
That wake me to ecstasy
With the rough power of their breaking,
Laus Deo!

For sleeping clouds
That tangle my raptured gaze
In the pure peace of their slumbers,
Laus Deo!

For joy of life
That surges up in my soul
And laughs with a deathless laughter,
Laus Deo!

RELUCTANCE

AND must I then the wish suppress,
When I would write to thee
An ode of magic tenderness,
My sweet Simplicity?

The duties of this worldly plane
How oft do interfere,
When Nature calleth me to gain
Her own enchanted sphere.

Oh, would I might for ever live
In that immortal zone,
And never payment have to give
For duties left undone.

APPRECIATION

BETTYS-Y-COED, JUNE 1918

I TREAD the wayward paths of earth,
Seeking the things of my desire,
And lo, behold the world afire
With love and kindliness and mirth!

Such beauty doth delight my eyes
I scarce can credit what they tell,
It seemeth like a magic spell
That some enchanter doth devise.

Oh God, why hast Thou nature decked
In such a robe of loveliness?
Thou couldst have gifted her with less,
And we had never known or recked.

But life had been a dreary thing,
A wilderness devoid of charm,
And we had missed the chiefest balm
For earthly grief and suffering.

APPRECIATION

I thank Thee then that Thou didst please,
And for the kindness that I meet.
The hours slip by so swiftly sweet
I have no time for memories.

COLOUR-BLIND

MY friend, and are you colour-blind?
The sky's intense and dazzling blue,
The vivid green of grass and tree,
The foxglove's purple that we find
Covering the hillside and the lea,
Do they seem all the same to you?
Is the Almighty so unkind?

The changing colours of the deep,
What aspect do they bear to eyes
Like yours, friend? Do you see them too,
As once I did in nightmare sleep,
One dull, unvarying, *ashen* hue?
If so, the world is in disguise,
A dread disguise to make one weep!

MOTHER EARTH

BEHOLD, I sing the charm
Of the common earth,
With stick and stone and leaf
Lying around,
And grass that has no worth
To tempt the poorest thief,
Spreading its cool, green balm
On all the ground.

The fresh and healthy scent
Of the budding soil,
The boulder near the spring,
The mossy stone;
No use can ever spoil
The pleasure that they bring,
Nor lessen my content
With these alone.

Behold, I sing the song
Of the humble ground.
Whether it rise in height,
Or roll in plain;

MOTHER EARTH

Whatever kind be found
I tread it with delight,
In contact waxing strong
And blythe again.

IN SUMMERLAND

IN Summerland there is a nook
Only known to me,
Wherein descends a plashing brook,
Very fair to see;
And all the trees in shy surprise
Do toss the sunlight from their eyes,
And shimmer in their young disguise
Of greenery.

Often when I wander there,
Modestly intent,
The flowers to me a message bear,
From the Father sent;
And in the cool of their embrace
I lay me down to rest a space,
And ponder in that quiet place
Of merriment.

For all the air a laughter holds,
Silent as the light
That quivers in the hidden folds
Of leaves and grasses bright;

IN SUMMERLAND

And with this joy a wonder grows,
It seems a spell that Nature throws,
Breathed from the leaf and flower that blows,
And from the height

Where soar the sprites of mystery
Who are never seen,
But sometimes those in sympathy
Know where they have been
By the swift glitter of their wings,
And the high melody that rings,
Soundless, from out the deepest springs
Of life unseen.

And still they haunt that darling spot—
Only known to me—
Where skies are blue, and care is not,
And the strong soul is free;
Where Nature thrills with the divine,
Revealing God in every line,
And all things worship at her shrine
In ecstasy.

MORNING

YOUNG Morning leapt up over the hill,
Clad in pale blue and fleecy white,
She lit upon a babbling rill,
And touched its foam with sparks of light.

Beneath her swiftly flying feet
The purple heather quivered bright,
The ferns became a dazzling sheet
As she passed o'er them in her flight.

She quickly won to other peaks
And drove away the lingering night,
Her golden hair made glittering streaks
On each new pinnacle and height.

The bare hillsides caught sudden fire
That brought their naked rocks to sight,
The sunbeams gleamed on roof and spire,
And set them glowingly alight.

When Morning sprang upon the sea,
A shaft of splendour made a bright
And wondrous path, whose brilliancy
Extinguished all the stars outright.

MORNING

Along this sparkling way of dreams
There sported many a nymph and sprite—
Aurora's train, that ever streams
About her in her daily rite.

Sweet Morning smiles on man's intent,
Bringing fresh vigour, hope, and might.
Oh is she not for virtue meant?
And does she not our love invite?

MIST

FAIRY-FOOTED mist
Stealeth o'er the land;
Always where I look,
Never where I stand.

FAIRYLAND

BENEATH the murmuring forest trees
That, clothed in green, immortal stand,
The wanderer in wonder sees
The way that runs to fairyland.

The mossy carpet spreadeth wide
Beneath the trunks on either hand,
And here do fairies laughing hide
In the way that runs to fairyland.

They peep from out the tangled fern,
From aisles by lofty branches spanned,
They dance where rays of sunshine burn,
In the way that runs to fairyland.

Such mystic music floateth here,
By little vagrant breezes fanned,
It haunteth each true listener's ear
Where the way runs through to fairyland.

Ah! who hath not the forest trod,
Nor learnt its spell to understand,
He never hath been near to God
In the way that runs to fairyland!

WHAT IS'T TO WEEP?

A SUNLIT sky, a vast
Horizon, mists that cast
Soft veils o'er hills asleep—
These bid me weep.

Some unsuspected day
God takes our toys away,
Poor things we might not keep,
And so we weep!

RHAPSODY

O THERE are many the world calls great
Who are not great!—poets and artists and
thinkers.

They rave of *Love*,—Love, the all-powerful
Motive force of mankind;
They prate of *Love*,—Love, the earthly desire
Of flesh for flesh, of sex for sex.

He knows not Love who narrows it to the indi-
vidual!

Love that is infinite, universal,
In all and through all,
A shining light burning through mists of sense
With a pure, spiritual gleam;
A sweet, eternal steadfastness beaming alway
Through the mere shows of things!
The More-than-man that dwells in man
And lights its flame in man,
Who, not knowing God from creature,
Spirit from sense, pours adulation,
Burns and strives for the *Individual*—
That vase that holds the oil—

RHAPSODY

That screen the light shines through
In multi-coloured hues of thought and action.
Oh, the tragedy! the base blindness
Of mixing form with Spirit!
Of calling Love, of *daring* to call *Love*
That lustful passion for a mere person,
For a particular vehicle of God,
Which, blind to all the sea that flows around—
That shoreless sea of Spirit which *is Love*—
Magnifies some small pool found in the rocks,
Prostrates itself in adoration
Before just that form, caught by a gleam
Of passing sympathy struck from its bright surface.

Is not God contained in all men?
Does not His Spirit
Permeate the whole of nature,
Breathe through *all* forms of life?
Wherefore elect to narrow Love
To a single incarnation, not cherish it in each
In proportion it appears in each? thus recognizing
The divine immensity, the omnipresence of Love,
That walks the earth in myriad forms, in each one
manifest
To him whose eyes are open to adore.

Oh, poets! poor, blind fools, who wail
Of broken hearts, and fill the air

RHAPSODY

With complaints of lovers parted,
Love now dead for ever. Talk no more
As if Love wooed thee not from every face
Alight with spiritual glory! Shame not man!
Confound not sensual lust with heavenly Love!
Cease hymning the particular
Save in its relation to the Whole.
Turn to the Universal and find Love
That fails not ever, and can ne'er run dry
And mock the thirsty seeker.
O pluck the giant error that has flourished
From earliest times unchecked.
Prostrate yourselves in worship before the divine,
Immeasurable Sea of Love
That is our Life, and should aye be our joy!

WAYNFLETE

A TRAGEDY OF WILLIAM III'S REIGN

IN Hammond's Coffee House all was flutter
and excitement—
With good cause, for were not the revelations of
the trapped
Sir John Fenwick grave enough?—giving food for
lively thought,
Seeing he named the highest in the land in his
indictment—
Churchill, Godolphin, and—some whispered—
even Shrewsbury, wrapped
In his mantle of aloofness; too unsullied for ought
Of scandal to attack him, one would have said;
But then when a man is fighting for his head
He'll stick at nothing. So argued most men,
dubbing the charge
Preposterous. There entered a young man newly
arrived
In town, well-known for his affection for the Duke
—affection

WAYNFLETE

Shrewsbury returned. His presence seemed in
some way to enlarge
The place. Men eyed him with a wondering re-
spect deprived
Of all envy, and earned by some quality reflection
Could not define, though all men felt its power,
And knew him for one of the leaders of the hour.
He stood chatting easily with Vernon—His Grace's
shrewd
And trusted secretary—a certain unconsciousness
Of self, an unconcern that told of strength, mark-
ing him out
From lesser men. They wondered if the rumour
that pursued
A lightning course about the town, had reached
him yet. No stress
Showed in his manner, no annoyance that might
solve the doubt.
Even as they questioned, one, with a cool blend
Of spite and daring, roundly accused his friend.—
“So His Saintly Grace of Shrewsbury trafficked
with St. Germain
While seeming so monstrous loyal!”—he jeered.
The newcomer turned,
Amazement on his face. “Will you repeat your
charge? I think
I cannot have heard aright, sir.”—Thus quietly
he deigns.—

WAYNFLETE

“In truth, My Lord, I merely stated what we all
have learned
From Fenwick touching the Duke of Shrews-
bury. Why should I shrink
From telling what all men know?”—The sneering
glance
Betrayed that the speaker had not struck by chance.
Disdaining argument Lord Waynflete now was
caught in toils
He could not break. His enemy would not with-
draw the lie;
Honour decreed that he must fight, and fearlessness
accepted it. Serene
He challenged his opponent and they fought.
The mind recoils
From that which followed. ’Twas as if a god
opposed a sly
And skilful demon! Horror like a pall engulfed
the scene,
As after a gallant struggle Waynflete fell
Wounded—fatally, they feared who knew too
well.
He made light of it. “Tell Charles—’tis nothing,”
he murmured. “Go—
Bring him to me, Vernon.”—The grieved secretary
waited
To hear the surgeon’s verdict—it was grave and
gave no hope—

WAYNFLETE

Then weeping sought his coach, overwhelmed to
think of the blow
That he must deal his chief. The Duke of Shrews-
bury seemed fated
To suffer, in that he was sensitive, and pride gave
scope
To cruel foes. Well was he named the King of
Hearts,
For charm that owed nothing to extraneous arts,
But sprang from a subtle sympathy, endeared him
to those
With whom he came in contact. They felt a like
nature shared
Between them, a common understanding that no
rank
Or wealth could hide. Vernon knew a passionate
love, some chose
To sneer at, bound his master to Lord Waynflete;
and to have been spared
The task before him would have given all he had.
He shrank
In apprehension as he bid his coach proceed
To the Duke's mansion in St. James's Square at
speed!

* * * * *

"I would see His Grace at once!"—Thus the
secretary made known

WAYNFLETE

His urgent need. "Lord Churchill is with His
Grace."—"It matters nought."—
He brushed the man aside, and entering the stately
room found
Churchill about to leave.—"It is a matter for the
King alone,
And he will scoff at it! Fenwick must be crazy if
he thought
To save his skin by such wild calumnies!"—So
Lord Churchill crowned
The morning's tale. Despite his disturbance
Vernon was impressed
By the contrast between this soldier's attitude of
scorn,
And that of his chief. Churchill stood smiling,
treating as a jest
The charges of correspondence with the ex-King
James, sworn
Roundly against them both by Fenwick—all men
knew, in his case
Quite justly.—The Duke smiled too, but there was
that in his fine face
That showed the matter had gone home. His
honour was unstained,
His rectitude unquestioned, yet there had been
one small failing
Only the King knew. With set features he bade
his guest farewell,

WAYNFLETE

Then turned to Vernon. "Have you heard this
gossip too? It has gained
Some headway I believe."—"Your Grace, at
Hammond's they talked"—quailing—
"Lord Waynflete"—"Ah! Is Harry back?"—
As though an evil spell
Had lifted, Shrewsbury brightened; then as a
thought struck him—"Did *he*
Hear aught of this rumour?" He eyed Vernon
steadily. At first
Sunk in deep thought at Churchill's news, he had
failed to see
His secretary's trouble, but now he marked it.—
"An accursed
Fellow, Harrington, charged you openly before
Lord Waynflete."—
It was as though a cold hand had gripped his heart
and stayed its beat.
A moment's nameless terror, then with an effort
"Well?"—he breathed.—
"Lord Waynflete challenged him. They fought."
The other's voice trailed and stopped.
"He fought?—He fought for me?"—Before the
sharp anguish of that cry
Vernon winced and shuddered, as falteringly he
sheathed
The sword of his dread tidings in his master's
breast. "His lordship dropped

WAYNFLETE

Wounded;—The villain ran him through;—they
say—that he must die.”—
An agony enveloped Shrewsbury, blinding him.
Some weight pressed
On him that he strove to lift and could not. He
sank overborne
In fathomless depths—then became aware of
Vernon distressed
Supporting him. Remembrance stabbed him wide
awake. With scorn
For his weakness he arose. “Quick!—Take me
to Lord Waynflete!”—In haste,
Vernon aiding him, they sought the waiting coach;
and without waste
Of one fraught moment, challenged time in a
furious drive
Back to the Coffee House. A deadly stillness
seized the Duke,
As of a limitless despair. Shapes of horror jeered
and mocked
Him, pointing some monstrous error that had
called his friend to strive
And fall for him!—His friend!—Waynflete!—Of
no avail rebuke
Or authority now!—Such direful visions held him
locked
Until they reached the house. “’Twas feared
your Grace might come too late!”—

WAYNFLETE

So men greeted him. A moment he faltered be-
neath this stroke,
Then rallying entered the room where Waynflete
lay at the gate
Of death. He approached the bed.—“ Harry!”—
It seemed his heart broke
On the word.—“ Harry!”—A swift radiance illu-
minated
The features of the dying man. “ Charles,”—he
breathed—“ I have waited
For you, my friend.”—“ That you should give
your life for my good name!—for me!”
That cry turned men cold. “ ’Tis a high honour
—and for the best. Now
You must fulfil alone—the tasks we planned.”—
Waynflete’s voice became faint.
Already he seemed far away, his eyes to see
What the others could not. He whispered—a
glory on his brow—
“ We shall meet again, Charles . . . This life is
but the prelude.” . . . Like a saint
He appeared transfigured—wrapped in the great-
ness of his soul! . . . One sigh—
And he was gone . . . In the leaden pause that
followed years of woe
Seemed concentrated; earth and its glories faded;
life passed by

WAYNFLETE

Despairing, leaving man an eternity to bear the
throe . . .

The Duke dropped senseless . . .

* * * * *

With anguished moan, as though in protest against
continued life,

Shrewsbury returned to consciousness, reclining in
his own state

Chamber, Vernon beside his bed. His swoon was
long; it seemed sorrow

Had wellnigh killed him. Raising himself with
effort, like a knife

The memory of his loss came back to him! He
sprang straight

From the couch, seized his sword lying near, and
aimed himself a blow

So swift his friend had barely time to hinder it.—

“Let me die!

I needs must follow him!—Vernon!—listen!—I
appeal to you!”—

The grief of all the ages seemed centred in his
heart’s great cry,—

“He died—to defend a falsehood!—*The ‘calumny’
was true!*”

SONG LYRICS



SNOW

FALLING snow!
Softly blow
Flakes about the silent air.
Gleaming white
In the light,
All the earth's a pageant rare.

Peaceful noon!
Softly strewn
O'er the earth a carpet pure.
Fairer scene
Ne'er hath been;
Would its beauty might endure!

INVITATION

COME forth to the meadows,
Cast off thy care,
Watch how the streamlet flows
Busily there;

Smell how the clover grows
Scenting the air;
See how the wild rose blows
Wondrously fair.

Come forth to the meadows,
Cast off thy care.
Know that kind nature goes
Ill with despair!

PROPOSAL

LADY! lady! why are you shy?
See, you are blushing and passing me by.
Does my appearance then cause you alarm?
Is it through me that the world's full of charm?

Dearest! dearest! you I will tell,
All this old earth's taken fast in a spell.
Nature's immersed in a tangle of dreams,
Roseate ones, shot with exquisite gleams.

You and I both are held in the thrall,
Life is enchantment that never can pall.
Come to me, sweetheart, and make it all true!
Marry me now, and you never shall rue!

NATURE SONG

HOORAY, O world, hooray!
You never can take away
What steals to me
From the breath of the sea
And the scent of a laden tree.

Depart, O friend, depart!
Thou knowest nought of his heart
Who loves to gaze
On the far-off haze
That softens the summer days.

Alas, fond world, alas!
You cherish the joys that pass;
My pleasures be
The chant of the sea
And the wind on the lonely lea.

THE WIND

O H, the freshness of the Wind!
How it bloweth, how it bloweth!
Oh, the freedom of the Wind!
Where it goeth, no man knoweth!

When it rusheth, 'tis a gale
That crieth ocean "Hail,"
And lasheth up the seas.
When it sporteth, 'tis a breeze.
When it sigheth, 'tis a sound
Of spirits whisp'ring round.
'Tis monstrous in its might
When it shouteth to the night.

Oh, the freshness of the Wind!
How it bloweth, how it bloweth!
Oh, the freedom of the Wind!
Where it goeth, no man knoweth!

ENDEAVOUR

SOME days my verse so quickly scans
And is so simply done.
On some days I am full of plans,
On others I have none.

Oh why does my unstable muse
So lightly run away,
And my appeal unkind refuse
When I would have her stay?

She is so fickle and so fair
I follow her in doubt.
E'en when she grants her favours rare
I seem to see her pout,

And poise herself for instant flight
Should aught her will offend.
Did ever fate a hapless wight
A harder mistress send!

THE RHYMESTER

LINES are running in my head
All the time,
And the thoughts that there are bred
Sweetly rhyme.
All the people that I meet
Seem my happiness to greet,
And they welcome me the while
With a smile.

As I walk along the road,
In my mind,
Aspirations that abode
Undefined,
Swiftly crystallize in thought,
And the phrases that I sought
Sudden fall upon my ear
Low and clear.

What it is that causes this
Who can know?
But I feel it is a bliss
That doth grow
With the freedom of the soul
As it mergeth in the Whole,
And the beauty of a life
Without strife.

LIFE SONG

HEY! the Day!
What doth it say?
What doth it say?—
Wait and see.
The joy of the Day
Cometh to thee.

Hey! for Gold!
What doth it hold?
What doth it hold?—
Nought but dust,
The stain of the mould
Ashes and rust.

Hey! for Bliss!
What's in a kiss?
What's in a kiss?—
A passing boon.
The ache of the miss
Followeth soon.

LIFE SONG

Hey! the Soul!
What is its goal?
What is its goal?—
Nought but good.
The flight of the Soul
Reacheth to God!

FAITH

SEE the little flower!
Wouldest thou know
How it doth grow?

First a gentle shower
Wetteth it so,
Then a breeze doth blow,

Next a sunny hour
Hasteth to show
How it may grow.

Nay! but 'tis a Power
Caused to flow
Life in what we sow.

Him in His high Tower
Do we all owe
Trust, aye, even though

Skies should storm and low'r.
Thus may we too,
Perfectly grow.

STORM THREAT

OH break, wild Storm, around me!
With elemental force
Assault me and defy me!
I throw me in thy course.

My spirit leaps to meet thee,
To feel the dreadful bliss
Of thy divine embraces,
Thy swift, impassioned kiss!

CLOUD NUPTIALS

THE wind said to the flying cloud,
 "Come, marry me."
But she was in her nature proud,
 And would be free.

Her virgin coldness feared to feel
 The warmth of love,
So her fond lovers made appeal
 To heaven above.

The sun did then upon her blaze
 So steadily,
She melted in his glowing rays,
 And joined the sea.

APPEAL

O H, my mistress, where art thou?
I desire thy presence now
While the rain is driving past,
And the stream is rising fast,
And the mist lies everywhere—
Wilt thou not my vigil share?

Brooding in this lonely tower,
Gazing at the clouds that lower
Angrily o'er all the land—
Love, canst thou not understand
How I need thy company,
Yearn that thou shouldst visit me?

Tell me somewhat of thy dreams
As I watch these dismal streams,
Whisper softly in my ear
Something that I long to hear,
Fancies sweet and comforting,
O'er the river's chattering.

APPEAL

I will lend thee all my mind,
Be to my surroundings blind,
While thou breathest to me low,
Mysteries that thou dost know,
Phantasies so high and pure
I can scarce the bliss endure. . . .

See, dear love, I wait for thee.
Haste and set thy servant free.

AIR VOICES

FROM the far horizon's mist
Hath a breeze my senses kissed—
Tenderly my senses kissed!—
Told me secrets I would list
For aye.

Shall I tell you what they are,
Secrets whispered from afar,
Whispered to me unaware
By the spirits of the air
And sky?

Nay, such words as I could use
Only would their sense confuse,
They are wafted wordlessly
From the depths of mystery
Unseen.

And they permeate the soul
Bringing knowledge of the Whole
In swift flashes of delight
From beyond the realms of sight
Serene.

AIR VOICES

Oh, the voices of the air
Weave a wild enchantment there
For the lonely and the free,
And a wondrous melody
Doth ring

From the confines of the earth
Where the breezes have their birth,
And the spaces of the sky
Whence the spirits from on high
Do sing.



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